G. Vander Gucht inv. & sculp.

G. Vander Gucht inv. & sculp.

(4)

THE MISTAKE.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the *Strand.*

MDCCXXXVI.

THE MISTAKE.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

HAT-MARKET.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand.

MDCCXLIX.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. STEELE.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

OUR Author's Wit and Raillery to-night
Perhaps might pleaſe, but that your Stage-delight
No more is in your Minds, but Ears and Sight.
With Audiences compos'd of Belles and Beaux,
The firſt Dramatick Rule is, have good Clothes.
To charm the gay Spectator's gentle Breaſt,
In Lace and Feather Tragedy's expreſs'd,
And Heroes die unpity'd, if ill-dreſs'd.

The other Stile you full as well advance;
If 'tis a Comedy, you ask —— Who dance?
For oh! what dire Convulſions have of late
Torn and diſtracted each Dramatick State,
On this great Queſtion, which Houſe firſt ſhould ſell
The New French *Steps, imported by* Ruel?
Desbarques *can't riſe ſo high, we muſt agree,*
They've half a Foot in Height more Wit than we.
But tho' the Genius of our Learned Age
Thinks fit to Dance and Sing quite off the Stage.
True Action, Comick Mirth, and Tragick Rage;
Yet as your Taſte now ſtands, our Author draws
Some hopes of your Indulgence and Applauſe.
For that great End this Edifice he made,
Where humble Swain at Lady's Feet is laid;

PROLOGUE.

Where the pleas'd Nymph her conquer'd Lover ſpies,
Then to Glaſs Pillars turns her conſcious Eyes,
And points a-new each Charm, for which he dies.

The Muſe, before nor Terrible nor Great,
Enjoys by him this awful gilded Seat:
By him Theatrick Angels mount more high,
And Mimick Thunders ſhake a broader Sky.

Thus all muſt own, our Author has done more
For your Delight, than ever Bard before.
His Thoughts are ſtill to raiſe your Pleaſures fill'd;
To Write, Tranſlate, to Blazon, or to Build.
Then take him in the Lump, nor nicely pry
Into ſmall Faults, that 'ſcape a buſy Eye;
But kindly, Sirs, conſider, he to-day
Finds you the Houſe, the Actors, and the Play:
So, tho' we Stage-Mechanick Rules omit,
You muſt allow it in a Whole-Sale Wit.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Motteux*.

I'M thinking, now good Husbands are ſo few,
To get one my Friend, what I muſt do.
Camillo *ventur'd hard, yet at the worſt,*
She ſtole Love's Honey-Moon, and try'd her Lover firſt.
Many poor Damſels, if they dar'd to tell,
Have done as much, but have not 'ſcap'd ſo well.

'Tis

EPILOGUE.

'Tis well the Scene's in Spain; *thus in the dark,*
I ſhou'd be loth to truſt a London *Spark.*
Some Accident might, for a private Reaſon,
Silence a Female, all this acting Seaſon.
Hard Fate of Woman! Any one wou'd vex,
To think what odds, you Men have, of our Sex.
Reſtraint and Cuſtoms ſhare our Inclination,
You Men can try, and run o'er half the Nation.
We dare not, even to avoid Reproach,
When you're at White's *peep out of Hackney-Coach;*
Nor with a Friend at Night, our Fame regarding,
With Glaſs drawn up, drive about Covent Garden.
If poor Town-Ladies ſteal in here, you rail,
Tho' like chaſte Nuns, their modeſt Looks they veil;
With this decorum, they can hardly gain
To be thought Virtuous, even in Drury-Lane.
Tho' this you'll not allow, yet ſure you may
A Plot to ſnap you, in an honeſt Way.
In Love-Affairs, one ſcarce would ſpare a Brother:
All cheat; and married Folks may keep a pother,
But look as if they cheated one another.
You may pretend, our Sex diſſembles moſt,
But of your Truth none have much cauſe to boaſt:
You promiſe bravely; but for all your Storming,
We find you're not ſo valiant at performing.
Then ſure Camillo's *Conduct you'll approve:*
Wou'd you not do as much for one you love?
Wedlock's but a blind Bargain at the beſt,
You venture more ſometimes, to be not half ſo bleſt,
All, ſoon or late, that dangerous Venture make,
And ſome of you may make a worſe Miſtake.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don *Alvarez*, Father to *Leonora*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Don *Felix*, Father to *Lorenzo*.	Mr. *Bright*.
Don *Carlos*, in love with *Leonora*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Don *Lorenzo*, in love with *Leonora*.	Mr. *Husbands*.
Metaphraſtus, Tutor to *Camillo*.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Sancho, Servant to *Carlos*.	Mr. *Dogget*.
Lopez, Servant to *Lorenzo*.	Mr. *Pack*.
A Bravo.	

WOMEN.

Leonora, Daughter to *Alvarez*.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Camillo, ſuppos'd Son to *Alvarez*.	Mrs. *Harcourt*.
Iſabella, her Friend.	Mrs. *Porter*.
Jacinta, Servant to *Leonora*.	Mrs. *Baker*.

THE

THE MISTAKE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Carlos *and* Sancho.

CARLOS.

I Tell thee, I am ſatisfy'd, I'm in love enough to be ſuſpicious of every body.

San. And yet methinks, Sir, you ſhould leave me out.

Car. It may be ſo; I can't tell: but I'm not at eaſe. If they don't make a Knave, at leaſt they'll make a Fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a word on't: But good faith, Maſter, your Love makes ſomewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis; but methinks when you ſuſpect me, you don't ſeem a Man of half thoſe Parts I us'd to take you for. Look in my Face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow Line of a Villain in it: Men of my

Fabrick don't uſe to be ſuſpected for Knaves; and when you take us for Fools, we never take you for wiſe Men. For my part, in this preſent Caſe, I take my ſelf to be mighty deep. A Stander-by, Sir, ſees more than a Gameſter. You are pleaſed to be jealous of your poor Miſtreſs without a Cauſe, ſhe uſes you but too well, in my humble Opinion; ſhe ſees you, and talks with you, 'till I am quite tir'd on't ſometimes; and your Rival that you are ſo ſcared about, forces a Viſit upon her, about once in a Fortnight.

Car. Alas, thou art ignorant in theſe Affairs, he that's the civilly'ſt receiv'd is often the leaſt car'd for: Women appear warm to one, to hide a Flame for another. *Lorenzo* in ſhort appears too compos'd of late to be a rejected Lover, and the Indifference he ſhews upon the Favours I ſeem to receive from her, poiſons the pleaſure I elſe ſhould taſte in them, and keeps me upon a perpetual Rack. No —— I would fain ſee ſome of his jealous Tranſports, have him fire at the ſight o'me, contradict me whenever I ſpeak, affront me where-ever he meets me, challenge me, fight me ——

San. —— Run you through the Guts.

Car. —— But he's too calm, his Heart's too much at eaſe, to leave me mine at Reſt.

San. But, Sir, you forget that there are two ways for our Hearts to get at eaſe; when our Miſtreſſes come to be very fond of us, or we —— not to care a Fig for them. Now ſuppoſe upon the Rebukes you know he has had, it ſhould chance to be the latter.

Car. Again thy Ignorance appears: Alas, a Lover who has broke his Chain will ſhun the Tyrant that enſlav'd him. Indifference never is his Lot; he loves or hates for ever; and if his Miſtreſs prove another's Prize, he cannot calmly ſee her in his Arms.

San. For my part, Maſter, I'm not ſo great a Philoſopher as you be, nor (thank my Stars) ſo bitter a Lover, but what I ſee? —— that I generally believe; and when *Jacinta* tells me ſhe loves me dearly, I have good Thoughts enough of my Perſon never to doubt the Truth on't. See, here the Baggage comes.

Enter

Enter Jacinta *with a Letter.*

Hiſt! *Jacinta!* my Dear.

Jacin. Who's that? Blunderbuſs! Where's your Maſter?

San. Hard by. [*Shewing him.*

Jacin. O, Sir, I'm glad I have found you at laſt; I believe I have travell'd five Miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the Walks, nor at Church, nor at the Opera, nor ———

San. Nor any where elſe, where he was not to be found: if you had look'd for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Car. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter? Who ſent you after me?

Jacin. One who's never well but when ſhe ſees you, I think; 'twas my Lady.

Car. Dear *Jacinta*, I fain would flatter my ſelf, but am not able; the Bleſſing's too great to be my Lot: Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me; how ſhort ſoe'er I am in other Merit, the Tenderneſs I have for *Leonora* claims ſomething from her Generoſity. I ſhould not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are? methinks ſhe's pretty well above board with you, what muſt be done more to ſatisfy you?

San. Why, *Lorenzo* muſt hang himſelf, and then we are content.

Jacin. How! *Lorenzo?*

San. If leſs will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why, you are not mad, Sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray which way may this have got into your Head? I took you for a Man of Senſe before. —— Is this your Doings, Log? [*To* Sancho.

San. No, forſooth *Pert*, I'm not much given to Suſpicion, as you can tell, Mrs. *Forward* —— If I were, I might find more cauſe, I gueſs, than your Miſtreſs has given our Maſter here. But I have ſo many pretty Thoughts of my own Perſon, Houſewife, more than I have of yours, that I ſtand in dread of no Man.

Jacin.

Jacin. That's the way to prosper; however, so far I'll confess the Truth to thee; at least if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in Love-matters, Sir: When you suspect a Woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with Reason, and a sour Face: Udslife, Sir, attack her with a Fiddle, double your good Humour — give her a Ball — powder your Periwig at her, — let her cheat you at Cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor Woman with the gloomy Face of Jealousy, before she gives the least Occasion for't, is to set a complaisant Rival in too favourable a Light. Sir, Sir, I must tell you, I have seen those have ow'd their Success to nothing else.

Car. Say no more; I have been to blame, but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly however for what's past, if I carry'd back what I have brought you; but I'm good-natur'd, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you tim'd your Jealousy.

Car. [Reads.] *If you love me with that Tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this Letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a Daughter's Weakness to a Father's Indulgence: and if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.*

Leonora.

Then I shall be what Man was never yet; [*Kissing the Letter.*] Ten thousand Blessings on thee for thy News, I could adore thee as a Deity. [*Embracing* Jacin.

Jacin. True Flesh and Blood, every Inch of her, for all that.

Car. [Reads again.] *And if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.*

O happy, happy *Carlos!* But what shall I say to thee for this welcome Message? [*To* Jacinta.] Alas! I want Words

Words —— But let this ſpeak for me, and this, and this, and —— [*Giving her his Ring, Watch, and Purſe.*

San. Hold, Sir; pray leave a little ſomething for our Board-Wages. You can't carry 'em all, I believe: [*To* Jacinta.] Shall I eaſe thee of this?

[*Offering to take the Purſe.*

Jacin. No; but you may carry —— That, Sirrah.

[*Giving him a Box o' th' Ear.*

San. The Jade's grown Purſe-proud already.

Car. Well, dear *Jacinta*, ſay ſomething to your charming Miſtreſs, that I am not able to ſay my ſelf: But, above all, excuſe my late unpardonable Folly, and offer her my Life to expiate my Crime.

Jacin. The beſt Plea for Pardon will be never to repeat the Fault.

Car. If that will do, 'tis ſeal'd for ever.

Jacin. Enough; but I muſt be gone; Succeſs attend you with the old Gentleman. Good-by t'ye, Sir.

[*Exit* Jacin.

Car. Eternal Bleſſings follow thee.

San. I think ſhe has taken them all with her; the Jade had got her Apron full.

Car. Is not that *Lorenzo* coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he; for my part now I pity the poor Gentleman.

Enter Lorenzo.

Car. I'll let him ſee at laſt I can be chearful too. Your Servant, Don *Lorenzo*; how do you do this Morning?

Lor. I thank you, Don *Carlos*, perfectly well, both in Body and in Mind.

Car. What! Cur'd of your Love then?

Lor. No, nor I hope I never ſhall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

Car. Increaſing every hour; we are very conſtant both.

Lor. I find ſo much Delight in being ſo, I hope I never ſhall be otherwiſe.

Car. Thoſe Joys I am well acquainted with, but ſhould loſe them ſoon, were I to meet a cool Reception.

Lor.

Lor. That's every generous Lover's Caſe, no doubt; an Angel could not fire my Heart but with an equal Flame.

Car. And yet you ſaid you ſtill lov'd *Leonora*.

Lor. And yet I ſaid I lov'd her.

Car. Does ſhe then return you ———

Lor. Every thing my Paſſion can require.

Car. Its Wants are ſmall, I find.

Lor. Extended as the Heavens.

Car. I pity you.

Lor. He muſt be a Deity that does ſo.

Car. Yet I'm a Mortal, and once more can pity you. Alas, *Lorenzo*, 'tis a poor Cordial to an aching Heart, to have the Tongue alone announce it happy; beſides 'tis mean, you ſhould be more a Man.

Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, ſo can forgive the Boilings of your Spleen.

Car. This ſeeming Calmneſs might have the Effect your Vanity propoſes by it; had I not a Teſtimony of her Love would (ſhould I ſhew it) ſink you to the Center.

Lor. Yet ſtill I'm calm as ever.

Car. Nay, then have at your Peace. Read that, and end the Farce. [*Gives him* Leonora's *Letter*.

Lor. [*reads.*] I have read it.

Car. And know the Hand?

Lor. 'Tis *Leonora*'s; I have often ſeen it.

Car. I hope you then at laſt are ſatisfy'd.

Lor. I am, [*ſmiling.*] Good-morrow, *Carlos*.

[*Exit* Lor.

San. Sure he's mad, Maſter.

Car. Mad! ſay'ſt thou?

San. And yet, By'r Lady, that was a ſort of a dry ſober Smile at going off.

Car. A very ſober one! Had he ſhewn me ſuch a Letter, I had put on another Countenance.

San. Ay, o' my Conſcience had you.

Car. Here's Myſtery in this —— I like it not.

San. I ſee his Man and Confident there, *Lopez*. Shall I draw him on a *Scotch* Pair of Boots, Maſter, and make him tell all?

Car.

Car. Some Queſtions I muſt ask him; call him hither.

San. Hem, *Lopez*, hem!

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I, and my Maſter.

Lop. I can't ſtay.

San. You can indeed, Sir. [*Laying hold on him.*

Car. Whither in ſuch haſte, honeſt *Lopez!* What! upon ſome Love-Errand?

Lop. Sir, your Servant; I ask your pardon, but I was going ———

Car. I gueſs where; but you need not be ſhy of me any more, thy Maſter and I are no longer Rivals; I have yielded up the Cauſe; the Lady will have it ſo, ſo I ſubmit.

Lop. Is it poſſible, Sir? Shall I then live to ſee my Maſter and you Friends again?

San. Yes; and what's better, thou and I ſhall be Friends too. There will be no more fear of Chriſtian Bloodſhed, I give thee up *Jacinta*; ſhe's a ſlippery Houſewife, ſo Maſter and I are going to match our ſelves elſewhere.

Lop. But is it poſſible, Sir, your Honour ſhould be in earneſt? I'm afraid you are pleas'd to be merry with your poor humble Servant.

Car. I'm not at preſent much diſpos'd to Mirth, my Indifference in this Matter is not ſo thorowly form'd; but my Reaſon has ſo far maſter'd my Paſſion, to ſhew me 'tis in vain to purſue a Woman whoſe Heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have ſo plainly ſeen of late, I have rous'd my Reſolution to my Aid, and broke my Chains for ever.

Lop. Well, Sir, to be plain with you, this is the joyfulleſt News I have heard this long time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honeſt Gentleman, and good Faith it often went to the Heart o' me to ſee you ſo abuſed. Dear, dear, have I often ſaid to my ſelf (when they have had a private Meeting juſt after you have been gone) ———

Car.

Car. Ha!

San. Hold, Maſter, don't kill him yet.

[*To* Car. *aſide.*

Lop. I ſay I have ſaid to my ſelf, what wicked things are Women, and what pity it is they ſhould be ſuffer'd in a Chriſtian Country; what a Shame they ſhould be allow'd to play Will-in-the-Whiſp with Men of Honour, and lead them thro' Thorns and Briars, and Rocks, and rugged ways, till their Hearts are torn in pieces, like an old Coat in a Fox-Chace? I ſay, I have ſaid to my ſelf ———

Car. Thou haſt ſaid enough to thy ſelf, but ſay a little more to me: Where were theſe ſecret Meetings thou talk'ſt of?

Lop. In ſundry Places, and by divers Ways; ſometimes in the Cellar, ſometimes in the Garret, ſometimes in the Court, ſometimes in the Gutter; but the Place where the Kiſs of Kiſſes was given was ———

Car. In Hell.

Lop. Sir!

Car. Speak, Fury, what doſt thou mean by the Kiſs of Kiſſes?

Lop. The Kiſs of Peace, Sir; the Kiſs of Union; the Kiſs of Conſummation.

Car. Thou ly'ſt, Villain.

Lop. I don't know but I may, Sir. —— What the Devil's the matter now? [*Aſide.*

Car. There's not one word of Truth in all thy curſed Tongue has utter'd.

Lop. No, Sir, I —— I —— believe there is not.

Car. Why then didſt thou ſay it, Wretch?

Lop. O ——— only in jeſt, Sir.

Car. I am not in a jeſting Condition.

Lop. Nor I ——— at preſent, Sir.

Car. Speak then the Truth, as thou wouldſt do it at the Hour of Death.

Lop. Yes, at the Gallows, and be turn'd off as ſoon as I've done. [*Aſide.*

Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a ſhort Prayer.

Car.

Car. I am diſtracted, and fright the Wretch from telling me what I am upon the Rack to know. [*Aſide.*] Forgive me, *Lopez*, I am to blame to ſpeak thus harſhly to thee: Let this obtain my Pardon. [*Gives him Money.*] Thou ſee'ſt I am diſturb'd.

Lop. Yes, Sir, I ſee I have been led into a Snare; I have ſaid too much.

Car. And yet thou muſt ſay more; nothing can leſſen my Torment, but a farther Knowledge of what cauſes my Miſery. Speak then! Have I any thing to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier Batchelor, than my Maſter may probably be a married Man.

Car. Married, ſay'ſt thou?

Lop. I did, Sir, and I believe he'll ſay ſo too in a Twelvemonth.

Car. O Torment! —— But give me more on't: when, how, to who, where?

Lop. Yeſterday, to *Leonora*, by the Parſon in the Pantry.

Car. Look to't, if this be falſe, thy Life ſhall pay the Torment thou haſt given me: Be gone.

Lop. With the Body and the Soul o' me. [*Ex.* Lopez.

San. Baſe News, Maſter.

Car. Now my inſulting Rival's Smile ſpeaks out: O curſed, curſed Woman!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. I'm come in haſte to tell you, Sir, that as ſoon as the Moon's up, my Lady'll give you a Meeting in the Cloſe-Walk by the Back-Door of the Garden; ſhe thinks ſhe has ſomething to propoſe to you will certainly get her Father's Conſent to marry you.

Car. Paſt Sufferance! this Aggravation is not to be borne: go, thank her —— with my Curſes: Fly —— and let them blaſt her, while their Venom's ſtrong. [*Exit* Car.

Jacin. ——— Won't thou explain? What's this Storm for?

San. And dar'ſt thou ask me Queſtions, ſmooth-fac'd Iniquity, Crocodile of *Nile*, Siren of the Rocks? Go, carry

carry back the too gentle Answer thou hast receiv'd; only let me add with the Poet:

We are no Fools, Trollop, my Master, nor me;
And thy Mistress may go —— to the Devil with thee.

[*Exit* Sancho

Jacinta *sola.*

Am I awake! ——— I fancy not; a very idle Dream this. Well: I'll go talk in my Sleep to my Lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what Interpretation we can make on't. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo *and* Isabella.

Isab. HOW can you doubt my Secrecy? Have you not Proofs of it?

Cam. Nay, I am determin'd to trust you; but are we safe here? Can no body overhear us?

Isab. Safer much than in a Room. No body can come within hearing, before we see them.

Cam. And yet how hard 'tis for me to break Silence!

Isab. Your Secret sure must be of great Importance.

Cam. You may be sure it is, when I confess 'tis with Regret I own it e'en to you; and were it possible, you shou'd not know it.

Isab. 'Tis frankly own'd indeed; but 'tis not kind, perhaps not prudent; after what you know I already am acquainted with. Have not I been bred up with you? And am I ignorant of a Secret, which were it known—

Cam. Wou'd be my Ruin, I confess it wou'd. I own you know why both my Birth and Sex are thus disguis'd; you know how I was taken from my Cradle to secure the Estate, which had else been lost by young *Camillo*'s Death; but which is now safe in my suppos'd Father's hands,

hands, by my passing for his Son; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolv'd to open farther Wonders to you. But before I say any more, you must resolve one Doubt, which often gives me great Disturbance; whether Don *Alvarez* ever was himself privy to the Mystery which has disguis'd my Sex, and made me pass for his Son?

Isab. What you ask me, is a thing has often perplex'd my Thoughts, as well as yours, nor could my Mother ever resolve the Doubt. You know when that young Child *Camillo* dy'd, in whom was wrapp'd up so much Expectation, from the great Estate his Uncle's Will (even before he came into the World) had left him; his Mother made a Secret of his Death to her Husband *Alvarez*, and readily fell in with a Proposal made her to take you (who then were just *Camillo*'s Age) and bring you up in his room. You have heard how you were then at Nurse with my Mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the Plot; but Don *Alvarez* was never let into it by 'em.

Cam. Don't you then think it probable his Wife might after tell him?

Isab. 'Twas ever thought, nothing but a Death-bed Repentance cou'd draw it from her to any one; and that was prevented by the Suddenness of her Exit to t'other World, which did not give her even Time to call Heaven's Mercy on her. And yet, now I have said all this, I own the Correspondence and Friendship I observe he holds with your real Mother, gives me some Suspicion, and the Presents he often makes her (which People seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But since this is all I can say to you on that Point, pray let us come to the Secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

Cam. Know then, that tho' *Cupid* is blind, he is not to be deceiv'd: I can hide my Sex from the World, but not from him; his Dart has found the way thro' the manly Garb I wear, to pierce a Virgin's tender Heart——I love——

Isab. How!

Cam.

Cam. Nay, ben't ſurpriz'd at that, I have other Wonders for you.

Iſab. Quick, let me hear 'em.

Cam. I love *Lorenzo*.

Iſab. Lorenzo! Moſt nicely hit. The very Man from whom your Impoſture keeps this vaſt Eſtate; and who on the firſt Knowledge of your being a Woman wou'd enter into Poſſeſſion of it. This is indeed a Wonder.

Cam. Then wonder farther ſtill, I am his Wife.

Iſab. Ha! his Wife!

Cam. His Wife, *Iſabella*; and yet thou haſt not all my Wonders, I am his Wife without his Knowledge: he does not even know I am a Woman.

Iſab. Madam, your humble Servant; if you pleaſe to go on, I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

Cam. Then hear how theſe ſtrange things have paſt: *Lorenzo*, bound unregarded in my Siſter's Chains, ſeem'd in my Eyes a Conqueſt worth her Care. Nor cou'd I ſee him treated with Contempt, without growing warm in his Intereſt: I blam'd *Leonora* for not being touch'd with his Merit; I blam'd her ſo long, till I grew touch'd with it my ſelf: And the Reaſons I urg'd to vanquiſh my Heart, inſenſibly made a Conqueſt of my own: 'Twas thus, my Friend, I fell. What was next to be done, my Paſſion pointed out; my Heart I felt was warm'd to a noble Enterprize, I gave it way, and boldly on it led me. *Leonora*'s Name and Voice, in the dark Shades of Night, I borrow'd, to engage the Object of my Wiſhes. I met him, *Iſabella*, and ſo deceiv'd him; he cannot blame me ſure, for much I bleſt him, But to finiſh this ſtrange Story: In ſhort I own, I long had lov'd, but finding my Father moſt averſe to my Deſires, I at laſt had forc'd my ſelf to this ſecret Correſpondence; I urg'd the Miſchiefs wou'd attend the Knowledge on't, I urg'd them ſo, he thought them full of weight, ſo yielded to obſerve what Rules I gave him: they were to paſs the Day with cold Indifference, to avoid even Sign or Looks of Intimacy, but gather for the ſtill, the ſecret Night, a Flood of Love to recompenſe the Loſſes of the Day. I will not trouble you with

with Lovers Cares, nor what Contrivances we form'd to bring this Toying to a Solid Bliſs. Know only, when three Nights we thus had paſs'd, the fourth it was agreed ſhou'd make us one for ever; each kept their Promiſe, and laſt Night has join'd us.

Iſab. Indeed your Talents paſs my poor Extent; you ſerious Ladies are well form'd for Buſineſs: What wretched Work a poor Coquet had made on't? But ſtill there's that remains will try your Skill; you have your Man but———

Cam. Lovers think no farther, the Object of that Paſſion poſſeſſes all Deſire; however I have open'd to you my wondrous Situation. If you can adviſe me in my Difficulties to come, you will. But ſee——My Huſband!

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. You look as if you were buſy, pray tell me if I interrupt you, I'll retire.

Cam. No, no, you have a Right to interrupt us, ſince you were the Subject of our Diſcourſe.

Lor. Was I?

Cam. You were; nay, I'll tell you how you entertain'd us too.

Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear, it was not to your diſadvantage; I was commending you, and ſaying, if I had been a Woman, I had been in danger; nay I think I ſaid I ſhou'd infallibly have been in love with you.

Lor. While ſuch an If is in the way, you run no great riſque in declaring; but you'd be finely catch'd now, ſhou'd ſome wonderful Tranſformation give me a Claim to your Heart.

Cam. Not ſorry for't at all, for I ne'er expect to find a Miſtreſs pleaſe me half ſo well as you wou'd do if I were yours.

Lor. Since you are ſo well inclin'd to me in your Wiſhes, Sir, I ſuppoſe (as the Fates have ordain'd it) you wou'd have ſome pleaſure in helping me to a Miſtreſs, ſince you can't be mine your ſelf.

Cam. Indeed I ſhou'd not.

Lor.

Lor. Then my Obligation is but ſmall to you.

Cam. Why, wou'd you have a Woman, that is in love with you herſelf, imploy her Intereſt to help you to another?

Lor. No, but you being no Woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a Woman I ſay what I do, and I ſuppoſe my ſelf a Woman when I deſign all theſe Favours to you: Therefore out of that Suppoſition, I have no other good Intentions to you than you may expect from any one that ſays, he's ——— Sir, your humble Servant.

Lor. So unleſs Heav'n is pleas'd to work a Miracle, and from a ſturdy young Fellow, make you a kind-hearted young Lady, I'm to get little by your good Opinion of me.

Cam. Yes; there is one means yet left (on this ſide a Miracle) that won'd perhaps engage me, if with an honeſt Oath you cou'd declare, Were I Woman, I might diſpute your Heart, even with the firſt of my pretending Sex.

Lor. Then ſolemnly and honeſtly I ſwear that had you been a Woman, and I the Maſter of the World, I think I ſhou'd have laid it at your Feet.

Cam. Then honeſtly and ſolemnly I ſwear, henceforwards all your Intereſt ſhall be mine.

Lor. I have a Secret to impart to you will quickly try your Friendſhip.

Cam. I have a Secret to unfold to you, will put you even to a fiery Trial.

Lor. What do you mean, *Camillo*?

Cam. I mean that I love, where I never durſt yet own it, yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happieſt of ———

Lor. Explain, *Camillo*; and be aſſur'd, if your Happineſs is in my power, 'tis in your own.

Cam. Alas! you promiſe me you know not what.

Lor. I promiſe nothing but what I will perform; name the Perſon.

Cam. 'Tis one who's very near to you.

Lor.

Lor. If 'tis my Sister, why all this Pain in bringing forth the Secret?

Cam. Alas! It is your ———

Lor. Speak!

Cam. I cannot yet; Farewel.

Lor. Hold! Pray speak it now.

Cam. I muſt not: But when you tell me your Secret, you ſhall know mine.

Lor. Mine is not in my power, without the Conſent of another.

Cam. Get that Conſent, and then we'll try who beſt will keep their Oaths.

Lor. I am content.

Cam. And I. Adieu.

Lor. Farewel. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Enter Leonora *and* Jacinta.

Leo. 'Tis enough: I will revenge my ſelf this way; if it does but torment him, I ſhall be content to find no other pleaſure in it. Brother, you'll wonder at my Change; after all my ill Uſage of *Lorenzo*, I am determined to be his Wife.

Cam. How Sister! ſo ſudden a Turn? This Inequality of Temper indeed is not commendable.

Leo. Your Change, Brother, is much more juſtly ſurprizing; you hitherto have pleaded for him ſtrongly, accus'd me of Blindneſs, Cruelty, and Pride; and now I yield to your Reaſons, and reſolve in his Favour, you blame my Compliance, and appear againſt his Intereſt.

Cam. I quit his Service for what's dearer to me, yours. I have learn'd from ſure Intelligence, the Attack he made on you was but a Feint, and that his Heart is in another's Chain; I would not therefore ſee you ſo expoſed, to offer up your ſelf to one who muſt refuſe you.

Leo. If that be all, leave me my Honour to take care of; I am no Stranger to his Wiſhes, he won't refuſe me, Brother, nor I hope will you, to tell him of my Reſolution: if you do, this moment with my own Tongue (thro' all a Virgin's Bluſhes) I'll own to him I

am

am determin'd in his Favour —— You pauſe as if you'd let the Task lie on me.

Cam. Neither on you, nor me; I have a Reaſon you are yet a Stranger to: Know then there is a Virgin young and tender, whoſe Peace and Happineſs ſo much are mine, I cannot ſee her miſerable; ſhe loves him with that Torrent of Deſire, that were the World reſign'd her in his ſtead, ſhe'd ſtill be wretched: I will not pique you to a Female Striſe, by ſaying you have not Charms to tear him from her; but I would move you to a Female Softneſs, by telling you her Death wou'd wait your Conqueſt. What I have more to plead is as a Brother, I hope that gives me ſome ſmall Intereſt in you; whate'er it is, you ſee how I'd imploy it.

Leo. You ne'er cou'd put it to a harder Service. I beg a little time to think: Pray leave me to my ſelf a while.

Cam. I ſhall; I only ask that you wou'd think, and then you won't refuſe me. [*Ex.* Cam.

Facin. Indeed, Madam, I'm of your Brother's mind, tho' for another Cauſe; but ſure 'tis worth thinking twice on for your own ſake: You are too violent.

Leo. A ſlighted Woman knows no Bounds. Vengeance is all the Cordial ſhe can have, ſo ſnatches at the neateſt. Ungrateful Wretch! to uſe me with ſuch Inſolence.

Facin. You ſee me as much enrag'd at it, as you are your ſelf, yet my Brain is roving after the Cauſe, for ſomething there muſt be; never Letter was receiv'd by Man with more Paſſion and Tranſport; I was almoſt as charming a Goddeſs as your ſelf, only for bringing it. Yet when in a moment after I come with a Meſſage worth a dozen on't, never was Witch ſo handled; ſomething muſt have paſs'd between one and t'other, that's ſure.

Leo. Nothing cou'd paſs worth my enquiring after, ſince nothing cou'd happen that can excuſe his Uſage of me; he had a Letter under my Hand which own'd him Maſter of my Heart; and till I contradicted it with my Mouth, he ought not to doubt the Truth on't.

Facin.

Jacin. Nay I confeſs, Madam, I han't a Word to ſay for him; I'm afraid he's but a Rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameleſs that attends him; we are bit, by my Troth, and haply well enough ſerv'd, for liſtning to the glib Tongues of the Raſcals. But be comforted, Madam; they'll fall into the hands of ſome foul Sluts or other, before they die, that will ſet our Account even with 'em.

Leon. Well; Let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: He ſhall ſee I have a Spirit can uſe him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one thing be your Comfort by the wey, Madam, that in ſpite of all your dear Affections to him, you have had the Grace to keep him at Arms end. You han't thank'd me for't; but good Faith 'twas well I did not ſtir out of the Chamber that fond Night. For there are Times the ſtouteſt of us are in Danger, the Raſcals wheedle ſo.

Leon. In ſhort, my very Soul is fir'd with his Treatment: and if ever that perfidious Monſter ſhould relent, tho' he ſhou'd crawl like a poor Worm beneath my Feet, nay plunge a Dagger in his Heart, to bleed for Pardon; I charge thee ſtrictly, charge thee on thy Life, thou do not urge a Look to melt me toward him, but ſtrongly buoy me up in brave Reſentment; and if thou ſee'ſt (which Heav'n avert) a Glance of Weakneſs in me, rouſe to my Memory the vile Wrongs I've borne, and blazon them with skill in all their glaring Colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I'm charg'd to the Mouth with Fury, and if ever I meet that fat Traitor of mine, ſuch a Volly will I pour about his Ears —— Now Heav'n prevent all haſty Vows; but in the Humour I am, methinks I'd carry my Maiden-Head to my cold Grave with me, before I'd let it ſtumpet at the Raſcal. But ſoft; here comes your Father.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. Leonora, I'd have you retire a little, and ſend your Brother's Tutor to me, *Metaphraſtus*.

[*Ex.* Leo. *and* Jacin.

Solus.

I'll try if I can diſcover, by his Tutor what it is that ſeems ſo much to work his Brain of late; for ſomething more than common there plainly does appear, yet nothing ſure that can diſturb his Soul, like what I have to torture mine upon his account. Sure nothing in this World is worth a troubled Mind: What Racks has Avarice ſtretch'd me on! I wanted nothing, kind Heav'n had given me a plentenus Lot, and ſeated me in great Abundance; why then approve I of this Impoſture? What have I gain'd by it? Wealth and Miſery. I have barter'd peaceful Days for reſtleſs Nights; a wretched Bargain! and he that merchandiſes thus, muſt be undone at laſt.

Enter Metaphraſtus.

Metaph. Mandatum tuum curo diligenter,

Alv. Maſter, I had a mind to ask you ———

Metaph. The Title, Maſter, comes from *Magis* and *Ter*, which is as much as to ſay, *Thrice worthy.*

Alv. I never heard ſo much before, but it may be true for ought I know: But, Maſter ———

Metaph. Go on.

Alv. Why ſo I will if you'll let me, but don't interrupt me then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Alv. Why then, Maſter, for a third time, my Son *Camillo* gives me much uneaſineſs of late; you know I love him, and have many careful Thoughts about him.

Metaph. 'Tis true. *Filio non poteſt præferri, niſi Filius.*

Alv. Maſter, when one has Buſineſs to talk on, theſe Scholaſtick Expreſſions are not of uſe; I believe you a great Latiniſt; poſſible you may underſtand *Greek*: thoſe who recommended you to me, ſaid ſo, and I am willing it ſhould be true: But the thing I want to diſcourſe you about at preſent, does not properly give you an Occaſion to diſplay your Learning. Beſides, to tell you Truth, 'twill at all times be loſt upon me; my Father was a wiſe Man, but he taught me nothing beyond common Senſe; I know but one Tongue in the

the World, which luckily being underſtood by you as well as me, I fancy whatever Thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reaſonably be convey'd in that, without having recourſe to the Language of *Julius Cæſar*.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Alv. I thank you: What is the matter, I do not know; but tho' it is of the utmoſt conſequence to me to marry my Son, what Match ſoever I propoſe to him, he ſtill finds ſome Pretence or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is, perhaps, of the humour of a Brother of *Marcus Tullius*, who ———

Alv. Dear Maſter, leave the *Greeks*, and the *Latins*, and the *Scotch*, and the *Welſh*, and let me go on in my Buſineſs; what have thoſe People to do with my Son's Marriage?

Metaph. Again you are wrong; but go on.

Alv. I ſay then, that I have ſtrong Apprehenſions from his refuſing all my Propoſals, that he may have ſome ſecret Inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this Fear, I yeſterday obſerv'd him (without his knowing it) in a Corner of the Grove, where no body comes ———

Metaph. A Place out of the way, you would ſay; a Place of Retreat.

Alv. Why, the Corner of the Grove, where no body comes, is a place of Retreat, is it not?

Metaph. In *Latin*, *Seceſſus*.

Alv. Ha!

Metaph. As *Virgil* has it, *Eſt in Seceſſu Locus*.

Alv. How could *Virgil* have it, when I tell you no Soul was there but he and I?

Metaph. *Virgil* is a famous Author, I quote his Saying as a Phraſe more proper to the Occaſion than that you uſe, and not as one who was in the Wood with you.

Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any *Virgil* of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better Phraſe than my own to tell you my Meaning.

Metaph. You ought however to make choice of the words most us'd by the best Authors. *Tu vivendo bonos*, as they say, *Scribendo sequere peritos.*

Alv. Again?

Metaph. 'Tis *Quintilian's* own Precept.

Alv. Oons ——

Metaph. And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of service to you to hear.

Alv. You Son of a Whore, will you hear me speak?

Metaph. What may be the Occasion of this unmanly Passion? What is it you would have with me?

Alv. What you might have known an Hour ago, if you had pleas'd.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my peace—— I shall.

Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do; well, go on.

Alv. Why then, to begin once again; I say my Son *Camillo* ——

Metaph. Proceed; I shan't interrupt you.

Alv. I say, my Son *Camillo* ——

Metaph. What is it you say of your Son *Camillo?*

Alv. That he has got a Dog of a Tutor, whose Brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That Dog is a Philosopher, contemns Passion, and yet will hear you.

Alv. I don't believe a word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a mind to know from you, whether you have observ'd any thing in my Son ——

Metaph. Nothing that is like his Father. Go on.

Alv. Have a care.

Metaph. I do not interrupt you, but you are long in coming to a Conclusion.

Alv. Why, thou hast not let me begin yet.

Metaph. And yet 'tis high time to have made an end.

Alv. Dost thou know thy Danger? I have not —— thus much Patience left.

[*Shewing the end of his Finger.*

Metaph.

Metaph. Mine is already conſum'd. I do not uſe to be thus treated; my Profeſſion is to teach, and not to hear, yet I have hearken'd like a School-Boy, and am not heard, altho' a Maſter.

Alv. Get out of the Room.

Metaph. I will not. If the Mouth of a wiſe Man be ſhut, he is, as it were, a Fool; for who ſhall know his Underſtanding? therefore a certain Philoſopher ſaid well, Speak, that thou may'ſt be known; great Talkers, without Knowledge, are as the Winds that whiſtle; but they who have Learning, ſhould ſpeak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to ſee the whole Order of Nature o'erthrown; Hens devour Foxes, and Lambs deſtroy Wolves, Nurſes ſuck Children, and Children give Suck; Generals mend Stockings, and Chamber-maids take Towns; we may expect, I ſay ——

Alv. That, and that, and that, and ——

[*Strikes him, and kicks him; and then follows him off with a Bell at his Ear.*

Metaph. O *Tempora!* O *Mores.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. SOmetimes Fortune ſeconds a bold Deſign, and when Folly has brought us into a Trap, Impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed Lover here, and have told like a Puppy what I ſhall be beaten for like a Dog. Come! Courage, my dear *Lopez*; Fire will fetch out Fire: Thou haſt told one body thy Maſter's Secret, e'en tell it to half a dozen more, and try how that will thrive; go tell it to the

two old Dons, the Lovers Fathers. The Thing's done, and can't be retriev'd; perhaps they'll lay their two antient Heads together, club a Pennyworth of Wisdom apiece, and with great Penetration at last find out, that 'tis best to submit, where 'tis not in their power to do otherwise. This being resolv'd, there's no Time to be lost. [*Knocks at* Alvarez's *Door.*

Alv. Who knocks? [*Within.*

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What dost want? [*Looking out.*

Lop. To bid you Good-morrow, Sir.

Alv. Well Good-morrow to thee again. [*Retires.*

Lop. What a ——— I think he does not care for my Company. [*Knocks again.*

Alv. Who knocks?

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What would'st have? [*Looking out.*

Lop. My old Master, Sir, gives his Service to you, and desires to know how you do.

Alv. How I do? Why well, how shou'd I do? Service to him again. [*Retires.*

Lop. Sir.

Alv. [*returning.*] What the Deux wouldst thou have with me, with thy Good-morrows, and thy Services?

Lop. This Man does not understand good Breeding, I find. [*Aside.*] Why, Sir, my Master has some very earnest Business with you.

Alv. Business! About what? What Business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know, truly; but 'tis some very important Matter: He has just now (as I hear) discover'd some great Secret, which he must needs talk with you about.

Alv. Ha! a Secret, say'st thou?

Lop. Yes; and bid me bring him word, if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble Servant. [*Exit* Lopez.

Alvarez *solus.*

A Secret; and must speak with me about it! Heav'ns, how I tremble? What can this Message mean? I have very

very little Acquaintance with him, what Buſineſs can he have with me? An important Secret 'twas, he ſaid, and that he had juſt diſcover'd it. Alas, I have in the World but one, if it be that ——— I'm loſt; an eternal Blot muſt fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not follow'd the honeſt Counſels of my Heart, which have often urg'd me to ſet my Conſcience at eaſe, by rendring to him the Eſtate that is his Due, and which by a foul Impoſture I keep from him. But 'tis now too late; my Villany is out, and I ſhall not only be forc'd with ſhame to reſtore him what is his, but ſhall be perhaps condemn'd to make him Reparation with my own. O terrible View!

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Fel.* My Son to go and marry her, without her Father's Knowledge? this can never end well. I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his Power and Intereſt are ſo great at Court, he may with eaſe contrive my Ruin: I tremble at his ſending to ſpeak with me ——— Mercy on me, there he is. [*Aſide*

Alv. Ah! Shield me, kind Heaven! There's Don *Felix* come: How I am ſtruck with the Sight of him! O the Torment of a guilty Mind! [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* What ſhall I ſay to ſoften him? [*Aſide.*

Alv. How ſhall I look him in the Face? [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* 'Tis impoſſible he can forgive it. [*Aſide.*

Alv. To be ſure he'll expoſe me to the whole World. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* I ſee his Countenance change. [*Aſide.*

Alv. With what Contempt he looks upon me? [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* I ſee, Don *Alvarez*, by the Diſorder of your Face, you are but too well inform'd of what brings me here.

Alv. 'Tis true.

Don *Fel.* The News may well ſurprize you, 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

Alv. Wrong, very wrong, indeed.

Don *Fel.* This Action is certainly to the laſt Point to be condemn'd, and I think no body ſhould pretend to excuſe the Guilty.

Alv. They are not to be excus'd, tho' Heaven may have Mercy.

Don *Fel.* That's what I hope you will conſider.

Alv. We ſhould act as Chriſtians.

Don *Fel.* Moſt certainly.

Alv. Let Mercy then prevail.

Don *Fel.* It is indeed of heavenly Birth.

Alv. Generous Don *Felix!*

Don *Fel.* Too indulgent *Alvarez!*

Alv. I thank you on my Knee.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis I ought to have been there firſt.

[*They kneel.*

Alv. Is it then poſſible we are Friends?

Don *Fel.* Embrace me to confirm it. [*They embrace.*

Alv. Thou beſt of Men!

Don *Fel.* Unlook'd-for Bounty!

Alv. Did you know the Torment [*riſing*] this unhappy Action has given me———

Don *Fel.* 'Tis impoſſible it could do otherwiſe, nor has my Trouble been leſs.

Alv. But let my Misfortune be kept ſecret.

Don *Fel.* Moſt willingly; my Advantage is ſufficient by it, without the Vanity of making it publick to the World.

Alv. Incomparable Goodneſs! That I ſhou'd thus have wrong'd a Man ſo worthy! [*Aſide.*] My Honour then is ſafe?

Don *Fel.* For ever, even for ever let it be a Secret, I am content.

Alv. Noble Gentleman! [*Aſide.*] As to what Advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it ſhall be to all your entire Satisfaction.

Don *Fel.* Wonderful Bounty! [*Aſide.*] As to that, Don *Alvarez*, I leave it entirely to you, and ſhall be content with whatever you think reaſonable.

Alv. I thank you, from my Soul I muſt, you know I muſt.—— This muſt be an Angel, not a Man. [*Aſide.*

Don

Don *Fel.* The Thanks lie on my ſide, *Alvarez*, for this unexpected Generoſity, but may all Faults be forgot, and Heav'n ever proſper you.

Alv. The ſame Prayer I, with a double Fervour, offer up for you.

Don *Fel.* Let us then once more embrace, and be Forgiveneſs ſeal'd for ever.

Alv. Agreed; thou beſt of Men, agreed.

[*They embrace.*

Don *Fel.* This thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don *Alvarez*, I was in extreme Apprehenſions of your utmoſt Reſentment on this Occaſion; for I could not doubt but you had form'd more happy Views in the Diſpoſal of ſo fair a Daughter as *Leonora*, than my poor Son's inferior Fortune e'er can anſwer; but ſince they are join'd, and that ———

Alv. Ha!

Don *Fel.* Nay, 'tis very likely to diſcourſe of it may not be very pleaſing to you, tho' your Chriſtianity and natural Goodneſs have prevail'd on you ſo generouſly to forgive it. But to do juſtice to *Leonora*, and skreen her from your too harſh Opinion in this unlucky Action, 'twas that cunning wicked Creature that attends her, who by unuſual Arts wrought her to this Breach of Duty, for her own Inclinations were diſpos'd to all the Modeſty and Reſignation a Father could ask from a Daughter; my Son I can't excuſe, but ſince your Bounty does ſo, I hope you'll quite forget the fault of the leſs-guilty *Leonora*.

Alv. What a Miſtake have I lain under here! And from a groundleſs Apprehenſion of one Misfortune, find my ſelf in the certainty of another. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* He looks diſtarb'd; what can this mean? [*Aſide.*

Alv. My Daughter marry'd to his Son! —— Confuſion. But I find my ſelf in ſuch unruly Agitation, ſomething wrong may happen if I continue with him; I'll therefore leave him. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* You ſeem thoughtful, Sir, I hope there's

Alv. A ſudden Diſorder I am ſeiz'd with; you'll pardon me, I muſt retire. [*Ex.* Alvarez.

Don Felix *ſolus.*

I don't like this:—He went oddly off.—I doubt he finds this Bounty difficult to go through with. His natural Reſentment is making an Attack upon his acquir'd Generoſity: Pray Heaven it ben't too ſtrong for't: The Misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. It was not natural to be ſo calm: I wiſh it don't yet drive him to my Ruin. But here comes this young hot-brain'd Coxcomb, who with his mid-night Amours has been the Cauſe of all this Miſchief to me.

Enter Lorenzo.

So, Sir, you are come to receive my Thanks for your noble Exploit? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious Offspring, to bring perpetual Troubles on me. Muſt there never paſs a Day, but I muſt drink ſome bitter Potion or other of your Preparation for me?

Lor. I am amaz'd, Sir; pray what have I done to deſerve your Anger!

Don *Fel.* Nothing; no manner of Thing in the World; nor never do. I am an old teſty Fellow, and am always ſcolding, and finding fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a Coxcomb of a Son that makes me weary of my Life, fanſying he perverts the Order of Nature, turning Day into Night, and Night into Day; getting Whims in my Brain, that he conſumes his Life in Idleneſs, unleſs he rouſes now and then to do ſome noble Stroke of Miſchief; and having an impertinent Dream at this time, that he has been making the Fortune of the Family, by an underhand Marriage with the Daughter of a Man who will cruſh us all to Powder for it. Ah — ungracious Wretch; to bring an old Man into all this Trouble: The Pain thou gav'ſt thy Mother to bring thee into the World, and the Plague thou haſt given me to keep thee here, make the Getting thee (tho' 'twas in our Honey-Moon) a bitter Remembrance to us both. [*Ex.* Don Felix.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo *ſolus.*

So —— all's out —— Here's a noble Storm ariſing, and I'm at Sea in a Cock-boat. But which way could this Buſineſs reach him? By this Traitor *Lopez* — it muſt be ſo; it could be no other way! for only he, and the Prieſt that marry'd us, know of it. The Villain will never confeſs tho'. I muſt try a little Addreſs with him, and conceal my Anger. O, here he comes.

Enter Lopez.

Lor. Lopez.

Lop. Do you call, Sir?

Lor. I find all's diſcover'd to my Father, the Secret's out; he knows my Marriage.

Lop. He knows your Marriage. How the Peſt ſhould that happen? Sir, 'tis impoſſible; that's all.

Lor. I tell thee 'tis true; he knows every Particular of it.

Lop. He does! —— Why then, Sir, all I can ſay is, That Satan and he are better acquainted than the Devil and a good Chriſtian ought to be.

Lor. Which way he has diſcover'd it I can't tell, nor am I much concern'd to know, ſince beyond all my Expectations, I find him perfectly eaſy at it, and ready to excuſe my Fault with better Reaſons than I can find to do it my ſelf.

Lop. Say you ſo? —— I am very glad to hear that, then all's ſafe. [*Aſide.*

Lor. 'Tis unexpected good Fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own Temper, there muſt have been pains taken with him to bring him to this Calm: I'm ſure I owe much to the Bounty of ſome Friend or other; I wiſh I knew where my Obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. Are you thereabouts, I'faith? Then Sharp's the Word; I'gad I'll own the Thing, and receive his Bounty for't. [*Aſide.*] Why, Sir —— not that I pretend to make a Merit o'the Matter, for alas, I am but your poor Hireling, and therefore bound in Duty to render you all the Service I can —— But —— 'tis I have don't.

Lor.

Lor. What hast thou done?

Lop. What no Man else could have done; the Job, Sir; told him the Secret, and then talk'd him into a liking on't.

Lor. 'Tis impossible, thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another Man's Labours; but if this poor piece of Service carries any Merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Lor. Thou art not serious.

Lop. I am; or may Hunger be my Mess-mate.

Lor. And may Famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't, as thou deserv'st ——— Dead.

[*Making a Pass at him.*

Lop. Have a care there. [*Leaping on one side.*] What do you mean, Sir? I har all Surprize.

Lor. Traitor, is this the fruit of the Trust I plac'd in thee — Villain? [*Making another Thrust at him.*

Lop. Take heed, Sir; you'll do one a Mischief before y'are aware.

Lor. What Recompence can'st thou make me, Wretch, for this piece of Treachery? Thy sordid Blood can't expiate the Thousandth ——— But I'll have it however. [*Thrusts again.*

Lop. Look you there again: Pray, Sir, be quiet; is the Devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edg'd Tools. I'gad that last Push was within an Inch o' me. I don't know what you make all this Bustle about, but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little Patience. But if Gentlemen will be in their Airs in a Moment — Why, what the deux — I'm sure I have been as eloquent as *Cicero* in your behalf; and I don't doubt, to good Purpose too, if you'll give Things time to work. But nothing but foul Language, and naked Swords about the House, sa, sa, run you through, you Dog: Why no body can do Business at this rate.

Lor. And suppose your Project fail, and I'm ruin'd by't, Sir.

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, Sir? won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides,

ſides, I an't ready, I'm not prepar'd, I might be undone by't.

Lor. But what will *Leonora* ſay to her Marriage being known, Wretch?

Lop. Why may be ſhe'll draw—— her Sword too. [*Shewing his Tongue.*] But all ſhall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Lor. Peace; here's her Father.

Lop. That's well: We ſhall ſee how Things go preſently.

Enter Don Alvarez.

Alv. The more I recover from the Diſorder this Diſcourſe has put me in, the more ſtrange the whole Adventure appears to me. *Leonora* maintains there is not a word of Truth in what I have heard; that ſhe knows nothing of Marriage: And indeed ſhe tells me that with ſuch a naked Air of Sincerity, that for my part I believe her. What then muſt be their Project? Some villanous Intention, to be ſure; tho' which way, I yet am ignorant. But here's the Bridegroom; I'll accoſt him. —— I am told, Sir, you take upon you to ſcandalize my Daughter, and tell idle Tales of what can never happen.

Lop. Now methinks, Sir, if you treated your Son-in-law with a little more Civility, things might go juſt as well in the main.

Alv. What means this inſolent Fellow by my Son-in-law! I ſuppoſe 'tis you, Villain, are the Author of this impudent Story.

Lop. You ſeem angry, Sir—— perhaps without Cauſe.

Alv. Cauſe, Traitor! Is a Cauſe wanting where a Daughter's defam'd, and a Noble Family ſcandaliz'd?

Lor. There he is, let him anſwer you.

Alv. I ſhou'd be glad he'd anſwer me; why, if he had any Deſires to my Daughter, he did not make his Approaches like a Man of Honour.

Lop. Yes; and ſo have had the Doors bolted againſt him, like a Houſe-breaker. [*Aſide.*

Lor.

Lor. Sir, to juſtify my Proceeding, I have little to ſay; but to excuſe it, I have much; if any Allowance may be made to a Paſſion, which in your Youth you have your ſelf been ſway'd by: I love your Daughter to that exceſs ———

Alv. You would undo her for a Night's Lodging.

Lor. Undo her, Sir?

Alv. Yes, that's the Word; you knew it was againſt her Intereſt to marry you, therefore you endeavour'd to win her to't in private; you knew her Friends would make a better Bargain for her, therefore you kept your Deſigns from their knowledge, and yet you love her to that exceſs ———

Lor. I'd readily lay down my Life to ſerve her.

Alv. Could you readily lay down fifty thouſand Piſtoles to ſerve her, your exceſſive Love would come with better Credentials; an Offer of Life is very proper for the Attack of a Counterſcarp, but a thouſand Ducats will ſooner carry a Lady's Heart; you are a young Man, but will learn this when you are older.

Lop. But ſince things have ſucceeded better this once, Sir, and that my Maſter will prove a moſt incomparable good Husband (for that he'll do, I'll anſwer for him) and that 'tis too late to recall what's already done, Sir ———

Alv. What's done, Villain?

Lop. Sir, I mean, that ſince my Maſter and my Lady are marry'd, and ———

Alv. Thou ly'ſt; they are not marry'd.

Lop. Sir! ——— I ſay, that ſince they are marry'd, and that they love each other ſo paſſing dearly, indeed I fanſy that ———

Alv. Why, this Impudence is beyond all bearing: Sir, do you put your Raſcal upon this?

Lor. Sir, I am in a Wood; I don't know what it is you mean.

Alv. And I am in a Plain, Sir, and think I may be underſtood; do you pretend you are marry'd to my Daughter?

Lor.

Lor. Sir, 'tis my Happineſs on one ſide, as it is my Misfortune on another.

Alv. And you do think this idle Project can ſucceed? You do believe your affirming you are marry'd to her will induce both her and me to conſent it ſhall be ſo.

Lop. Sir, I ſee you make my Maſter almoſt out of his Wits to hear you talk ſo: but I, who am but a ſtander-by now, as I was at the Wedding, have mine about me, and deſire to know, Whether you think this Project can ſucceed? Do you believe your affirming they are not marry'd, will induce both him and I to give up the Lady? One ſhort Queſtion to bring this matter to an Iſſue, Why do you think they are not marry'd?

Alv. Becauſe ſhe utterly renounces it.

Lop. And ſo ſhe will her Religion, if you attack it with that dreadful Face. D'ye hear, Sir? the poor Lady is in love heartily, and I wiſh all poor Ladies that are ſo, would diſpoſe of themſelves ſo well as ſhe has done; but you ſcare her out of her Senſes: bring her here into the Room, ſpeak gently to her, tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a Man of Honour, Me. That may be you wiſh it had been otherwiſe, but are a Chriſtian, and profeſs Mercy, and therefore have reſolv'd to pardon her: Say this, and I ſhall appear a Man of Reputation, and have Satisfaction made me.

Alv. Or an impudent Rogue, and have all your Bones broke.

Lop. Content.

Alv. Agreed. *Leonora!* who's there? call *Leonora.*

Lop. All will go rarely, Sir; we ſhall have ſhot the Gulf in a moment. [*Aſide to* Lorenzo.

Enter Leonora.

Alv. Come hither, *Leonora.*

Lop. So, now we ſhall ſee.

Alv. I call'd you to anſwer for your ſelf; here's a ſtrong Claim upon you; if there be any thing in the pretended Title, conceal it no farther, it muſt be known at laſt, it may as well be ſo now. Nothing is ſo uneaſy

easy as Uncertainty, I would therefore be gladly freed from it: if you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great Fault indeed; but as I fear 'twill carry much of its Punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my Resentment into mourning your Misfortune, than suffer it to add to your Affliction; therefore speak the Truth.

Lop. Well, this is fair Play; now I speak, Sir: You see, fair Lady, the Goodness of a tender Father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving Husband. We had like to have been altogether by the Ears about this Business, and Pails of Blood were ready to run about the House: but, thank Heav'n, the Sun shines out again, and one word from your sweet Mouth makes fair Weather for ever. My Master has been forc'd to own your Marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

Leon. What does this impudent Rascal mean?

Lop. Ha!——— Madam!

Leon. Sir, I should be very glad to know [*To Lorenzo*] what can have been th' Occasion of this wild Report; sure you cannot be your self a Party in it.

Lop. He, he———

Lor. Forgive me, dear *Leonora*, I know you had strong Reasons for the Secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my Fault, our Marriage is disclos'd.

Leo. Our Marriage, Sir!———

Lor. 'Tis known, my Dear, tho' much against my Will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

Leon. Then, Sir, I am your Wife? I fell in love with you, and marry'd you without my Father's Knowledge?

Lor. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas Love; I humbly am content to owe the Blessing to your Generosity; you saw the Pains I suffer'd for your sake, and in Compassion eas'd 'em.

Leon. I did, Sir! Sure this exceeds all human Impudence.

Lop. Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable Actress. [*Aside.*

Lor.

Lor. I begin to be ſurpriz'd, Madam, at your carrying this thing ſo far; you ſee there's no occaſion for it; and for the Diſcovery, I have already told you 'twas not my fault.

Lop. My Maſter's! no, 'twas I did it: Why, what a Buſtle's here? I knew things would go well, and ſo they do, if Folks would let 'em. But if Ladies will be in their Merriments, when Gentlemen are upon ſerious Buſineſs, why what a deux can one ſay to 'em?

Leo. I ſee this Fellow is to be an Evidence in your Plot; where you hope to drive, it is hard to gueſs; for if any thing can exceed its Impudence, it is its Folly. A noble Stratagem indeed to win a Lady by! I cou'd be diverted with it, but that I ſee a Face of Villany requires a rougher Treatment: I cou'd almoſt, methinks, forget my Sex, and be my own Avenger.

Lor. Madam, I am ſurpriz'd beyond all ——

Lop. Pray, Sir, let me come to her; you are ſo ſurpriz'd, you'll make nothing on't: She wants a little ſnubbing. Look you, Madam, I have ſeen many a pleaſant Humour amongſt Ladies, but you out-cut them all. Here's Contradiction with a vengeance; you han't been married eight and forty Hours, and you are ſlap —— at your Husband's Beard already: Why, do you conſider who he is? —— Who this Gentleman is? And what he can do —— by Law? Why, he can lock you up —— knock you down —— tie you Neck and Heels ——

Lor. Forbear, you inſolent Villain, you.

[*Offering to ſtrike him.*

Leo. That —— for what's paſt however.

[*Giving a Box o' th' Ear.*

Lop. I think —— ſhe gave me a Box o'th' Ear; ha!

[*Exit* Leonora.

Sir, will you ſuffer your old Servants to be us'd thus by new Comers? It's a ſhame, a mere ſhame: Sir, will you take a poor Dog's Advice for once? She denies ſhe's married to you: Take her at her word; you have ſeen ſome of her Humours, —— let her go.

Alv.

Alv. Well, Gentlemen, thus far you ſee I have heard all with Patience; have you Content? Or how much farther do you deſign to go with this Buſineſs?

Lop. Why truly, Sir, I think we are near at a ſtand.

Alv. 'Tis time, you Villain you.

Lop. Why and I am a Villain now, if every word I've ſpoke be not as true as —— as the *Gazette*: And your Daughter's no better than a —— a —— a whimſical young Woman, for making Diſputes among Gentlemen. And if every Body had their Deſerts, ſhe'd have a good ——— I won't ſpeak it out to inflame Reckonings; but let her go, Maſter.

Alv. Sir, I don't think it well to ſpend any more words with your impudent and villanous Servant here.

Lop. Thank you, Sir: but I'd let her go.

Alv. Nor have I more to ſay to you than this, that you muſt not think ſo daring an Affront to my Family can go long unreſented. Farewel. [*Exit* Alvarez.

Lor. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay for your ſelf now?

Lop. Why, Sir, I have only to ſay, that I am a very unfortunate —— middle-ag'd Man; and that I believe all the Stars upon Heav'n and Earth have been concern'd in my Deſtiny. Children now unborn will hereafter ſing my Downfal in mournful Lines, and Notes of doleful Tune: I am at preſent troubled in Mind, Deſpair around me, ſignify'd in appearing Gibbets, with a great Bundle of Dog-whips by way of Preparation.

I therefore will go ſeek ſome Mountain high,
If high enough ſome Mountain may be found,
With diſtant Valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid Cliff—look calmly all around.
Farewel. *Aſide.*

Lor. No, Sirrah: I'll ſee your wretched End my ſelf. Die here, Villain. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Lop. I can't, Sir, if any body looks upon me.

Lor. Away, you trifling Wretch; but think not to eſcape, for thou ſhalt have thy Recompence.

[*Exit* Lorenzo.

Lopez.

Lopez *ſolus.*

Why, what a miſchievous Jade is this, to make ſuch an Uproar in a Family the firſt Day of her Marriage? Why my Maſter won't ſo much as get a Honey-Moon out of her; I'gad let her go. If ſhe be thus in her ſoft and tender Youth, ſhe'll be rare Company at threeſcore: Well, he may do as he pleaſes, but were ſhe my Dear, I'd let her go —— Such a Foot at her Tail, I'd make the Truth bounce out at her Mouth, like a Pellet out of a Put-gun. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. 'TIS an unlucky Accident indeed.

Cam. Ah *Iſabella!* Fate has now determin'd my Undoing. This thing can ne'er end here, *Leonora* and *Lorenzo* muſt ſoon come to ſome Explanation; the Diſpute is too monſtrous to paſs over, without further Enquiry, which muſt diſcover all, and what will be the Conſequence, I tremble at: for whether Don *Alvarez* knows of the Impoſture, or whether he is deceiv'd with the reſt of the World, when once it breaks out, and the Conſequence is the Loſs of that great Wealth he now enjoys by it, what muſt become of me? All paternal Affections then muſt ceaſe, and regarding me as an unhappy Inſtrument in the Trouble which will then o'erload him, he will return me to my humble Birth, and then I'm loſt for ever. For what, alas! will the deceiv'd *Lorenzo* ſay? A Wife, with neither Fortune, Birth, nor Beauty, inſtead of one moſt plenteouſly endow'd with all. O Heavens! What a Sea of Miſery I have before me!

Iſab. Indeed you reaſon right, but theſe Reflexions are ill-tim'd; why did you not employ them ſooner?

Cam.

Cam. Becauſe I lov'd.

Iſab. And don't you do ſo now?

Cam. I do, and therefore 'tis I make theſe cruel juſt Reflexions.

Iſab. So that Love, I find, can do any thing.

Cam. Indeed it can: Its Powers are wondrous great, its Pains no Tongue can tell, its Bliſs no Heart conceive, Crowns cannot recompenſe its Tormants, Heav'n ſcarce ſupplies its Joys. My Stake is of this Value: O counſel me how I ſhall ſave it.

Iſab. Alas! that Counſel's much beyond my Wiſdom's Force, I ſee no way to help you.

Cam. And yet 'tis ſure there's one.

Iſab. What?

Cam. Death.

Iſab. There poſſibly may be another; I have a Thought this moment ——— perhaps there's nothing in it; yet a ſmall Paſſage comes to my Remembrance, that I regarded little when it happen'd —— I'll go and ſearch for one may be of ſervice. But hold; I ſee Don *Carlos*: He'll but diſturb us now, let us avoid him.

[*Exeunt* Camillo *and* Iſabella.

Enter Don Carlos *and* Sancho.

Car. Repuls'd again! This is not to be borne. What tho' this Villain's Story be a Falſhood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This Uſage cannot be ſupported: How was it ſhe treated thee?

San. Never was Ambaſſador worſe receiv'd. Madam, my Maſter asks ten thouſand Pardons, and humbly begs one Moment's Interview: —— Be gone, you Raſcal you. Madam, what Anſwer ſhall I give my Maſter? ——— Tell him he's a Villain. Indeed, fair Lady, I think this is hafty Treatment ——— Here, my Footmen, toſs me this Fellow out at the Window; and away ſhe went to her Devotions.

Car. Did you ſee *Yacinta*?

San. Yes, ſhe ſaluted me with half-a-ſcore Rogues and Raſcals too. I think our Deſtinies are much alike, Sir: And o'my Conſcience, a couple of ſcurvy Jades we are hamper'd with.

Car.

Car. Ungrateful Woman, to receive with such Contempt so quick a Return of a Heart so justly alarm'd!

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. What no Allowance to be made to the first Transports of a Lover's Fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an Appearance? As just as my Suspicions were, have I long suffer'd them to arraign her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for Oaths or Imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now is not the whole World still in suspence about her? whilst I alone conclude her innocent.

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, thro' this profound Respect observe a Flame no other would have cherish'd: she might support me against groundless Fears, and save me from a Rival's Tyranny; she might release me from these cruel Racks, and would, no doubt, if she cou'd love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. But since she don't, what do I whining here? Curse on the base Humilities of Love.

San. Right.

Car. Let Children kiss the Rod that frets them, let Dogs lie down and lick the Shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a Man by Nature meant for Power, the Scepter's given us to wield, and we betray our Trust whenever we meanly lay it at a Woman's Feet.

San. True, we are Men, boo —— Come, Master, let us both be in a Passion; here's my Scepter, [*shewing a Cudgel.*] Subject *Jasmin*, look about you: Sir, was you ever in *Muscovy*? the Women there love the Men dearly; why? because —— [*Shaking his Stick.*] there's your Love-powder for you. Ah, Sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them? But this humble Love-making spoils them all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with them, we are perfuading

ſuading them all day they are Angels and Goddeſſes, in order to uſe them at night like human Creatures; we are like to ſucceed truly.

Car. For my part, I never yet cou'd bear a Slight from any thing, nor will I now. There's but one way however to reſent it from a Woman; and that's to drive her bravely from your Heart, and place a worthier in her vacant Throne.

San. Now with Submiſſion to my Betters, I have another way, Sir; I'll drive my Tyrant from my Heart, and place myſelf in her Throne. Yes; I will be Lord of my own Tenement, and keep my Houſhold in order. Wou'd you wou'd do ſo too, Maſter; for, look you, I have been Servitor in a College at *Salamancha*, and read Philoſophy with the Doctors; where I found that a Woman, in all times, has been obſerved to be an Animal hard to underſtand, and much inclined to Miſchief. Now as an Animal is always an Animal, and a Captain always a Captain, ſo a Woman is always a Woman: Whence it is that a certain *Greek* ſays, her Head is like a Bank of Sand; or as another, a ſolid Rock; or, according to a third, a dark Lanthorn. Pray, Sir, obſerve, for this is cloſe Reaſoning; and ſo as the Head is the Head of the Body; and that the Body without a Head, is like a Head without a Tail; and that where there is neither Head nor Tail, 'tis a very ſtrange Body: So I ſay a Woman is by Compariſon, do you ſee (for nothing explains things like Compariſons) I ſay by Compariſon, as *Ariſtotle* has often ſaid before me, one may compare her to the raging Sea; for as the Sea, when the Wind riſes, knits its Brows like an angry Bull, and that Waves mount upon Rocks, and Rocks mount upon Waves; that Porpuſſes leap like Trouts, and Whales skip about like Gudgeons; that Ships roll like Beer-Barrels, and Mariners pray like Saints; juſt ſo, I ſay, a Woman ——— A Woman, I ſay, juſt ſo, when her Reaſon is ſhipwreck'd upon her Paſſion, and the Hulk of her Underſtanding lies thumping againſt the Rock of her Fury; then it is, I ſay, that by certain Immotions, which —— um —— cauſe, as one may ſuppoſe,

poſe, a ſort of Convulſive —— yes —— hurricanious —— um —— like —— in ſhort, a Woman is like the Devil.

Car. Admirably reaſon'd indeed, *Sancho.*

San. Pretty well, I thank Heaven; but here come the Crocodiles to weep us into Mercy.

Enter Leonora *and* Jacinta.

Maſter, let us ſhew our ſelves Men, and leave their Briny Tears to waſh their dirty Faces.

Car. It is not in the power of Charms to move me.

San. Not me, I hope; and yet I fear thoſe Eyes will look out ſharp to ſnatch up ſuch a Prize.

[*Pointing to* Jacinta.

Jacin. He's coming to us, Madam, to beg Pardon; but ſure you'll never grant it him?

Leo. If I do, may Heav'n ne'er grant me mine.

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, Madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my uſual Importunities; I'll, eaſe you of that Pain, by telling you, my Buſineſs now is calmly to aſſure you, but I aſſure it you with Heav'n and Hell for Seconds; for may the Joys of one fly from me, whilſt the Pains of t'other overtake me, if all your Charms diſplay'd e'er ſhake my Reſolution, I'll never ſee you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a Man of that nice Honour, Sir, I know you'll keep your Word: I expected this Aſſurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious Dame, you did: How baſe is Woman's Pride? How wretched are the Ingredients it is form'd of. If you ſaw Cauſe for juſt Diſdain, why did you not at firſt repulſe me? Why lead a Slave in Chains, that could not grace your Triumphs? If I am thus to be contemn'd, think on the Favours you have done the Wretch, and hide your Face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only Fault the World can charge me with: the Favours I have done to you,

I am indeed asham'd of; but since Women have their Frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, Madam. I'm happy however, you at last speak frankly. I thank you for it; from my Soul I thank you: but don't expect me groveling at your Feet again; don't, for if I do ——

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve; trod upon.

Car. Give me Patience; —— but I don't want it; I am calm: Madam, farewel; be happy if you can; by Heav'ns I wish you so, but never spread your Net for me again; for if you do ——

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into Fire and Flames; rather be torn with Pincers Bit from Bit; rather be broil'd like Martyrs upon Gridirons —— But I am wrong; this sounds like Passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry: Madam, I think we have no farther Business together; your most humble Servant.

Leo. Farewel t'ye, Sir.

Car. Come along. [*To* Sancho.

[*Goes to the Scene and returns.*

Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my Resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damn'd, or any other thing that Men or Gods can think on, if on any Occasion whatever, Civil or Military, Pleasure or Business, Love or Hate, or any other Accident of Life, I, from this moment, change one Word or Look with you.

[*Going off,* Sancho *claps him on the Back.*

Leo. Content: come away, *Fatima.*

Carlos *returns.*

Car. Yet one word, Madam, if you please; I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish Bawble I once was fond of. [*Twitching her Picture from his Breast.*] Will you accept a trifle from your Servant?

Leo. Willingly, Sir; I have a Bawble too I think you have some Claim to; you'll wear it for my sake.

[*Breaks a Bracelet from her Arm, and gives it him.*

Car. Most thankfully; this too I shou'd restore you, if once was yours —— [*Giving her a Table-Book.*

By

By your Favour, Madam —— there is a Line or two in it, I think you did me once the Honour to write with your own fair Hand. Here it is. [*Reads.*

You love me, Carlos, *and would know*
The ſecret Movements of my Heart:
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have ſome faithful Lines too; I think I can produce 'em.

[*Pulls out a Table-Book; reads, and then gives it him.*

How long ſoe'er, to ſigh in vain,
My Deſtiny may prove,
My Fate (in ſpite of your Diſdain)
Will let me glory in your Chain,
And give me leave eternally to love.

There, Sir, take your Poetry again.

[*Throwing it at his Feet.*

'Tis not much the worſe for my wearing; 'twill ſerve again upon a freſh Occaſion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the Preſent, Madam, with —— a Pocket full of your Proſe —— There ——

[*Throwing a handful of Letters at her Feet.*

Leo. Jacinta, give me his Letters. There, Sir, not to be behind-hand with you.

[*Takes a handful of his Letters out of a Box, and throws them in his Face.*

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

[Jacinta *throws the reſt at him.*

San. 'Cods my Life, we want Ammunition: but for a ſhift —— There, and there, you ſaucy Slut you.

[Sancho *pulls a Pack of dirty Cards out of his Pocket, and throws 'em at her; then they*

close; he pulls off her Head-clothes, and she his Wig, and then part, she running to her Mistress, he to his Master.

Jacin. I think, Madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the Field.

Jacin. Have a care he don't rally and beat you yet though: pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the Armies stand and gaze at one another after the Battle! What think you, Sir, of shewing your self a great General, by making an honourable Retreat?

Car. I scorn it: Oh *Leonora! Leonora!* As Heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserv'd this Usage.

Car. Barbarous *Leonora!* but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is form'd too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on then, Tyrant; make your Bliss compleat, torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah *Carlos!* little do you know the tender Movements of that thing you name; the Heart where Love presides, admits no Thought against the Honour of its Ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that Honour into doubt, if conscious of our own Unworthiness, we interpret every Frown to our Destruction.

Leo. When Jealousy proceeds from such humble Apprehensions, it shews it self with more Respect than yours has done.

Car. And where a Heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater Crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our Debate; if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both shou'd suffer for it; our Separation will do Justice on us.

Car. But since we are our selves the Judges of our Crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler Punishment?

Leo. 'Twou'd but encourage us to sin again.

Car.

Car. And if it shou'd ———

Leo. 'Twou'd give a fresh Occasion for the pleasing Exercise of Mercy.

Car. Right: and so we act the Part of Earth and Heav'n together, of Men and Gods, and taste of both their Pleasures.

Leo. The Banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then thus let us fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her Hand.*

Leo. Ah Woman! fooliſh, fooliſh Woman!

San. Very fooliſh indeed.

Facint. But don't expect I'll follow her Example.

San. You wou'd, Mopſy, if I'd let you.

Facint. I'd ſooner tear my Eyes out? ah —— that ſhe had a little of my Spirit in her.

San. I believe I ſhall find thou haſt a great deal of her Fleſh, my Charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all Rock, hard Rock, very Marble.

Facint. A very Pumice-ſtone, you Raſcal you, if one would try thee; but to prevent thy Humilities, and ſhew thee all Submiſſion would be vain; to convince thee thou haſt nothing but Miſery and Deſpair before thee, here——— take back thy paltry Thimble, and be in my Debt, for the Shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y'are at that Sport, Miſtreſs, I believe I ſhall loſe nothing by the Balance of thy Preſents. There, take thy Tobacco-ſtopper, and ſtop thy ———

Facint. Here —— take thy Sattin Pincuſhion, with thy curious half hundred of Pins in't, thou mad'ſt ſuch a vapouring about yeſterday: Tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy Ivory-haſted Knife again, whet it well; 'tis ſo blunt 'twill cut nothing but Love.

Facint. And there's thy pretty Pocket Sciſſars thou haſt honour'd me with, they'll cut off a Leg or an Arm: Heav'n bleſs them.

San. Here's the inchanted Handkerchief you were pleaſed to endear with your precious Blood, when the

Violence of your Love at Dinner t'other day made you cut your Fingers. ——— There.

[*Blows his Nose in it, and gives it her.*]

Jacint. The Raſcal ſo provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry Garters from him. D'you ſee theſe? You pitiful beggarly Scoundrel you: —— There take 'em, there.

[*She takes her Gurters off, and flaps them about his Face.*]

San. I have but one thing more of thine. [*Shewing his Cudgel.*] I own 'tis the top of all thy Preſents, and might be uſeful to me; but that thou may'ſt have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the reſt of them.

[*Lifting it up to ſtrike her, ſhe leaps about his Neck.*]

Jacint. Ah cruel *Sancho!* —— Now beat me, *Sancho*, do.

San. Rather, like *Indian* Beggars, beat my precious ſelf. [*Throws away his Stick, and embraces her.*]

Rather let Infants Blood about the Streets,
Rather let all the Wine about the Cellar,
Rather let —— Oh *Jacinta* —— thou haſt o'ercome.
How fooliſh are the great Reſolves of Man!
Reſolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.
When thoſe bright Eyes in Kindneſs pleaſe to ſhine,
Their Goodneſs I muſt needs return with mine:
Bleſs my *Jacinta* in her *Sancho's* Arms ———

Jacint. And I my *Sancho* with *Jacinta's* Charms.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lopez.

AS ſoon as it is Night, ſays my Maſter to me, tho' it coſt me my Life, I'll enter *Leonora*'s Lodgings; therefore make haſte, *Lopez*, prepare every thing neceſſary, three Pair of Pocket-Piſtols, two wide-mouth'd Blunderbuſſes, ſome ſix Ells of Sword-Blade, and a Couple of dark Lanthorns. When my Maſter ſaid this to me; Sir, ſaid I to my Maſter, (that is, I wou'd have ſaid it, if I had not been in ſuch a Fright, I could ſay nothing, however I'll ſay it to him now, and ſhall probably have a quiet Hearing;) Look you, Sir, by dint of Reaſon I intend to confound you: You are reſolv'd you ſay, to get into *Leonora*'s Lodgings, tho' the Devil ſtand in the Door-way? —— Yes, *Lopez*, that's my Reſolution —— Very well; and what do you intend to do when you are there? — Why, what an injur'd Man ſhou'd do; make her ſenſible of —— Make her ſenſible of a Pudding, don't you ſee ſhe's a Jade? She'll raiſe the Houſe about your Ears, arm the whole Family, ſet the great Dog at you. —— Were there Legions of Devils to repulſe me, in ſuch a Cauſe I could diſperſe them all. —— Why then you have no Occaſion for Help, Sir, you may leave me at home to lay the Cloth. —— No; thou art my antient Friend, my Fellow-Traveller, and to reward thy faithful Services, this Night thou ſhalt partake my Danger and my Glory. — Sir, I have got Glory enough under you already, to content any reaſonable Servant for his Life —— Thy Modeſty makes me willing to double my Bounty; this Night may

bring eternal Honour to thee and thy Family. —— Eternal Honour, Sir, is too much in Conſcience for a Serving-Man; beſides, Ambition has been many a great Soul's Undoing. —— I doubt thou art afraid, my *Lopez*, thou ſhalt be arm'd with Back, with Breaſt, and Head-piece —— They will encumber me in my Retreat. —— Retreat, my Hero! Thou never ſhalt retreat. —— Then by my troth I'll never go, Sir. —— But here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Will it never be Night? Sure 'tis the longeſt Day the Sun e'er travel'd.

Lop. Wou'd 'twere as long as thoſe in *Greenland*, Sir, that you might ſpin out your Life t'other half year. I don't like theſe nightly Projects; a Man can't ſee what he does: We ſhall have ſome ſcurvy Miſtake or other happen; a Brace of Bullets blunder thro' your Head in the dark perhaps, and ſpoil all your Intrigue.

Lor. Away, you trembling Wretch, away.

Lop. Nay, Sir, what I ſay is purely for your Safety; for as to my ſelf —— Uds-death, I no more value the loſing a Quart of Blood, than I do drinking a Quart of Wine. Beſides, my Veins are too full, my Phyſician adviſ'd me but yeſterday to let go twenty Ounces for my Health. So you ſee, Sir, there's nothing of that in the Caſe.

Lor. Then let me hear no other Objections; for till I ſee *Leonora* I muſt lie upon the Rack, I cannot bear her Reſentment, and will pacify her this night, or not live to ſee to-morrow.

Lop. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo determin'd, I ſhan't be impertinent with any farther Advice; but I think you have laid your Deſign to —— [*He coughs.*] (I have got ſuch a Cold to-day) to get in privately, have you not?

Lor. Yes; and have taken care to be introduced as far as her Chamber-Door with all Secrecy.

Lop. [*He coughs.*] —— This unlucky Cough, I had rather have had a Fever at another time. Sir, I ſhou'd be ſorry to do you more harm than good upon this Occaſion:

casion: If this Cough shou'd come upon me in the midst of the Action, [*Coughs*] and give the Alarm to the Family, I shou'd not forgive my self as long as I liv'd.

Lor. I have greater Ventures than that to take my chance for, and can't dispense with your Attendance, Sir.

Lop. This 'tis to be a good Servant, and make one's self necessary.

Enter Toledo.

Tol. Sir, ——— I am glad I have found you. I am a Man of Honour, you know, and do always profess losing my Life upon a handsome Occasion: Sir, I come to offer you my Service. I am inform'd from unquestionable hands, that Don *Carlos* is enraged against you to a dangerous degree; and that old *Alvarez* has given positive Directions to break the Legs and Arms of your Servant *Lopez*.

Lop. Look you there now, I thought what 'twou'd come to; what do they meddle with me for? What have I to do in my Master's Amours? The old Don's got out of his Senses, I think; have I married his Daughter?

Lor. Fear nothing, we'll take care o'thee ——— Sir, I thank you for the Favour of your Intelligence, 'tis nothing however but what I expected, and am provided for.

Tol. Sir, I wou'd advise you to provide your self with good Friends, I desire the Honour to keep your Back Hand my self.

Lop. 'Tis very kind indeed. Pray, Sir, have you never a Servant with you cou'd hold a Racket for me too?

Tol. I have two Friends fit to head two Armies; and yet ——— a word in your Ear, they shan't cost you above a Ducat apiece.

Lop. Take 'em by all means, Sir, you were never offer'd a better Pennyworth in your Life.

Tol. Ah Sir, ——— little *Diego* ——— you have heard of him; he'd have been worth a Legion upon this Occasion: You know, I suppose, how they have serv'd

him. ——— They have hang'd him, but he made a noble Execution; they clapp'd the Rack and the Prieſt to him at once, but cou'd neither get a Word of Confeſſion, nor a Groan of Repentance; he died mighty well truly.

Lor. Such a Man is indeed much to be regretted: As for the reſt of your Eſcorte, Captain, I thank you for 'em, but ſhall not uſe 'em.

Tol. I'm ſorry for't, Sir, becauſe I think you go in very great danger; I'm much afraid your Rival won't give you fair Play.

Lop. If he does, I'll be hang'd; he's a damn'd paſſionate Fellow and cares not what Miſchief he does.

Lor. I ſhall give him a very good Opportunity: for I'll have no other Guards about me but you, Sir. So come along.

Lop. Why, Sir, this is the Sin of Preſumption; ſetting Heav'n at defiance, making Jack-pudding of a Blunderbuſs.

Lor. No more, but follow. Hold! turn this way; I ſee *Camillo* there. I wou'd avoid him, till I ſee what part he takes in this odd Affair of his Siſter's. For I wou'd not have the Quarrel fix'd with him, if it be poſſible to avoid it. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Lop. Sir ——— Captain *Toledo*, one word if you pleaſe, Sir; I'm mighty ſorry to ſee my Maſter won't accept of your friendly Offer: Look ye, I'm not very rich; but as far as the Expence of a Dollar went, if you'd be ſo kind to take a little care of me, it ſhou'd be at your Service.

Tol. Let me ſee: ——— A Dollar you ſay? But ſuppoſe I'm wounded?

Lop. Why you ſhall be put to no extraordinary Charge upon that: I have been Prentice to a Barber, and will be your Surgeon my ſelf.

Tol. 'Tis too cheap in Conſcience; but my Land-Eſtate is ſo ill paid this War-Time ———

Lop. That a little Induſtry may be commendable; ſo ſay no more, that Matter's fix'd.

[*Exeunt* Lopez *and* Tol.

Enter

Enter Camillo.

How miſerable a Perplexity have I brought my ſelf into? Yet why do I complain? Since, with all the dreadful Torture I endure, I can't repent of one wild Step I've made. O Love! what Tempeſts canſt thou raiſe, what Storms canſt thou aſſwage? To all thy Cruelties I am reſign'd: Long Years thro' Seas of Torment I'm content to roll, ſo thou wilt guide me to the happy Port of my *Lorenzo*'s Arms, and bleſs me there with one calm Day at laſt.

Enter Iſabella.

What News, dear *Iſabella*? Methinks there's ſomething chearful in your Looks may give a trembling Lover Hopes. If you have Comfort for me, ſpeak, for I in need of it.

deed have ere your Wants yet ſtill greater than they

Iſab. W a plentiful Supply.

Cam. O Heav'ns! Is't poſſible?

Iſab. New Myſteries are out, and if you can find Charms to wean *Lorenzo* from your Siſter, no other Obſtacle is in your way to all your Wiſh.

Cam. Kind Meſſenger from Heaven, ſpeak on.

Iſab. Know then, that you are Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Cam. How! Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Iſab. You are: The Truth this moment's come to light; and till this moment he, altho' your Father, was a Stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a Woman. In ſhort, the great Eſtate, which has occaſion'd theſe uncommon Accidents, was left but on Condition of a Son; great Hopes of one there was, when you deſtroy'd 'em, and to your Parents came a moſt unwelcome Gueſt: To repair the Diſappointment, you were exchang'd for that young *Camillo*, who few Months after dy'd. Your Father then was abſent, but your Mother quick in Contrivance, bold in Execution, during that Infant's Sickneſs, had reſolv'd his Death ſhou'd not deprive her Family of thoſe Advantages his Life had given it; ſo order'd things with ſuch Dexterity, that once again there paſt a Change between you: of this (for Reaſons yet unknown to me) ſhe made a Secret to her

Husband, and took such wise Precautions, that till this Hour 'twas so to all the World, except the Person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This News indeed affords a View of no unhappy Termination; yet there are Difficulties still may be of fatal Hindrance.

Isab. None, except that one I just now named to you; for to remove the last, know I have already unfolded all both to *Alvarez* and Don *Felix*.

Cam. And how have they receiv'd it?

Isab. To your Wishes both. As for *Lorenzo*, he is yet a Stranger to all has past, and the two old Fathers desire he may some moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little merry with the Heats he is in, and engage you in a Family-Quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, *Isabella*, I shall act that Part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make amends for it in the Scene of Reconciliation.

Cam. Pray Heav'n it be my Lot to act it with him.

Isab. Here comes Don *Felix* to wish you Joy.

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Fel.* Come near, my Daughter, and with extended Arms of great Affection let me receive thee. [*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty Wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettled Action thou hast done; if *Lorenzo* don't like thee the better for't, Cods my Life, he's a pitiful Fellow, and I shan't believe the bonny old Man had the getting of him.

Cam. I'm so encouraged by your Forgiveness, Sir, methinks I have some flattering Hopes of his.

Don *Fel.* Of his! I'gad and he had best, I believe he'll meet with his Match if he don't. What dost think of trying his Courage a little, by way of a Joke or so?

Isab. I was just telling her your Design, Sir.

Don *Fel.* Why I'm in a mighty witty way upon this whimsical Occasion; but I see him coming. You must not appear yet; go your way in to the rest of the People there, and I'll inform him what a Squabble he has work'd himself into here.

[*Exeunt* Camillo *and* Isabella.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Lopez.

Lop. Pray, Sir, don't be ſo obſtinate now, don't affront Heav'n at this rate. I had a Viſion laſt Night about this Buſineſs on purpoſe to forewarn you; I dreamt of Gooſe-Eggs, a blunt Knife, and the Snuff of a Candle; I'm ſure there's Miſchief towards.

Lor. You cowardly Raſcal, hold your tongue.

Don *Fel.* *Lorenzo*, come hither, my Boy, I was juſt going to ſend for thee. The Honour of our antient Family lies in thy hands; there is a Combat preparing, thou muſt fight, my Son.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you? O Dreams are wondrous things, I never knew that Snuff of a Candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but *Carlos* ſeeks my Life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly! Give me leave to tell you, Sir, Folks are not fit to be truſted with Lives, that don't know how to look better after 'em. Sir, you gave it him, I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

Don *Fel.* My Care ſhall be to make him do as a Man of Honour ought to do.

Lop. What, will you let him fight then? Let your own Fleſh and Blood fight?

Don *Fel.* In a good Cauſe, as this is.

Lop. O *Monſtrum Horrendum!* Now I have that Humanity about me, that if a Man but talks to me of fighting, I ſhiver at the name on't.

Lor. What you do on this Occaſion, Sir, is worthy of you: And had I been wanting to you, in my due Regards before, this noble Action wou'd have ſtamp'd that Impreſſion, which a grateful Son ought to have for ſo generous a Father.

Lop. Very generous truly! gives him leave to be run thro' the Guts, for his Poſterity to brag on a hundred Years hence. [*Aſide.*

Lor. I think, Sir, as things now ſtand, it won't be right for me to wait for *Carlos*'s Call; I'll, if you pleaſe, prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray Sir, do prevent him by all means, 'tis better made up, as you ſay, a thouſand times.

Don *Fel.* Hold your tongue, you impertinent Jack-a-napes, I will have him fight, and fight like a Fury too; if he don't he'll be worſted, I can tell him that. For know, Son, your Antagoniſt is not the Perſon you name, it is an Enemy of twice his Force.

Lop. O dear, O dear, O dear! and will no body keep 'em aſunder?

Lor. No body ſhall keep us aſunder, if once I know the Man I have to deal with.

Don *Fel.* Thy Man then is ——— *Camillo.*

Lor. Camillo!

Don *Fel.* 'Tis he; he'll ſuffer no body to decide this Quarrel but himſelf.

Lop. Then there are no Seconds, Sir.

Don *Fel.* None.

Lop. He's a brave Man.

Don *Fel.* No, he ſays no body's Blood ſhall be ſpilt upon this Occaſion, but theirs who have a Title to it.

Lop. I believe he'll ſcarce have a Law-Suit upon the Claim.

Don *Fel.* In ſhort, he accuſes thee of a ſhameful Falſhood, in pretending his Siſter *Leonora* was thy Wife; and has upon it prevail'd with his Father as thou haſt done with thine, to let the Debate be ended by the Sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop. And pray, Sir, with Submiſſion, one ſhort Queſtion if you pleaſe; what may the gentle *Leonora* ſay of this Buſineſs?

Don *Fel.* She approves of the Combat, and marries *Carlos.*

Lop. Why, God a-mercy.

Lor. Is it poſſible? ſure ſhe's a Devil, not a Woman.

Lop. I —— cod, Sir, a Devil and a Woman both, I think.

Don *Fel.* Well, thou ſha't have Satisfaction of ſome of 'em. Here they all come.

Enter

Enter Alvaraz, Leonora, Carlos, Sancho, *and* Jacinta.

Alv. Well, Don *Felix*, have you prepar'd your Son? for mine he's ready to engage.

Lor. And ſo is his. My Wrongs prepare me for a thouſand Combats. My Hand has hitherto been held, by the regard I've had to every thing of kin to *Leonora*; but ſince the monſtrous Part ſhe acts has driven her from my Heart, I call for Reparation from her Family.

Alv. You'll have it, Sir; *Camillo* will attend you inſtantly.

Lop. O lack! O lack! will no body do a little ſomething to prevent Bloodſhed? Why, Madam, have you no Pity, no Bowels? [*To* Leonora.] Stand and ſee one of your Husbands ſtoter'd before your Face? 'Tis an arrant Shame.

Leo. If Widowhood be my Fate, I muſt bear it as I can.

Lop. Why, did you ever hear the like?

Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monſtrous Impudence is no otherwiſe to be reply'd to, than by a Dagger in her Brother's Heart.

Leo. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have a care, brave Sir, he does not place it in another's.

Lor. It is not in his power. He has a rotten Cauſe upon his Sword, I'm ſorry he is engag'd in't; but ſince he is, he muſt take his Fate. For you, my Bravo, expect me in your turn. [*To* Carlos.

Car. You'll find, *Camillo*, Sir, will ſet your Hand out.

Lor. A beardleſs Boy. You might have match'd me better, Sir: But Prudence is a Virtue.

Don *Fel.* Nay, Son, I wou'd not have thee deſpiſe thy Adverſary neither; thou'lt find *Camillo* will put thee hardly to't.

Lor. I wiſh we were come to the Trial. Why does he not appear?

Jacin. Now do I hate to hear People brag thus. Sir, with my Lady's leave, I'll hold a Ducat he diſarms you. [*They laugh.*

Lor.

Lor. Why, what! ——— I think I'm ſported with. Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

Enter Camillo *and* Habella.

Leo. You ſhan't, Sir, here's one will be in earneſt with you.

Lor. He's welcome: Tho' I had rather have drawn my Sword againſt another. I'm ſorry, *Camillo*, we ſhou'd meet on ſuch bad Terms as theſe; yet more ſorry your Siſter ſhou'd be the wicked Cauſe on't: but ſince nothing will ſerve her but the Blood either of a Husband or Brother, ſhe ſhall be glutted with't. Draw!

Lop. Ah Lard, ah Lard, ah Lard!

Lor. And yet, before I take this Inſtrument of Death into my fatal Hand, hear me, *Camillo*; hear, *Alvarez*; all! I imprecate the utmoſt Powers of Heav'n to ſhower upon my Head the deadlieſt of I's Wrath; I ask that all Hell's Torments may unite to round my Soul with one eternal Anguiſh, if wicked *Leonora* ben't my Wife.

Omnes. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Why then, may all thoſe Curſes paſs him by, and wrap me in their everlaſting Pains, if ever once I had a fleeting Thought of making him my Husband.

Lop. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Nay more; to ſtrike him dumb at once, and ſhew what Men with honeſt Looks can practiſe, know he's married to another.

Alv. and *Fel.* How!

Leo. The Truth of this is known to ſome here.

Jac. Nay, 'tis certainly ſo.

Iſab. 'Tis to a Friend of mine.

Car. I know the Perſon.

Lor. 'Tis falſe, and thou art a Villain for thy Teſtimony.

Cam. Then let me ſpeak; what they aver is true, and I my ſelf was, in Diſguiſe, a Witneſs of its doing.

Lor. Death and Confuſion! He a Villain too! Have at thy Heart. [*He draws.*

Lop.

Lop. Ah! ——I can't bear the Sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there's no Buſineſs for't.

Lor. There's Buſineſs for a Dagger, Stripling; 'tis that ſhould be thy Recompence.

Cam. Why then to ſhew thee naked to the World, and cloſe thy Mouth for ever ——— I am my ſelf thy Wife ———

Lor. What does the Dog mean?

Cam. To fall upon the Earth, and ſue for Mercy. [*Kneels and lets her Periwig fall off.*

Lor. A Woman! ———

Lopez. I ——cod, and a pretty one too; you Wagg you.

Lor. I'm all Amazement. Riſe, *Camillo* (if I am ſtill to call you by that Name) and let me hear the Wonders you have for me.

Iſab. That part her Modeſty will ask from me: I'm to inform you then, that this Diſguiſe hides other Myſteries beſides a Woman; a large and fair Eſtate was cover'd by't, which with the Lady now will be reſign'd you. 'Tis true in Juſtice it was yours before; but 'tis the God of Love has done you Right. To him you owe this ſtrange Diſcovery, thro' him you are to know the true *Camillo*'s dead, and that this fair Adventurer is Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Lor. Incredible! But go on; let me hear more.

Don *Fel.* She'll tell thee the reſt her ſelf, the next dark Night ſhe meets thee in the Garden.

Lor. Ha! ——— Was it *Camillo* then, that I ——

Iſab. It was *Camillo* who there made you happy: And who has Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Love — enough to make you ſo, while Life ſhall laſt you.

Lor. The Proof ſhe gives me of her Love, deſerves a large Acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me therefore, *Leonora*, if what I owe this Goodneſs and theſe Charms, I with my utmoſt Care, my Life, my Soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then poſſible you can forgive me?

Lor.

Lor. Indeed I can; few Crimes have ſuch a Claim to Mercy; but join with me then, dear *Camillo*, (for ſtill I know you by no other Name) join with me to obtain your Father's Pardon: [yours, *Leonora*, too, I muſt implore; and yours, my Friend, for now we may be ſuch. [*To* Carlos.] Of all I ask Forgiveneſs. And ſince there is ſo fair a Cauſe of all my wild Miſtakes, I hope I by her Intereſt ſhall obtain it.

Alv. You have a Claim to mine, *Lorenzo*, I wiſh I had ſo ſtrong a one to yours; but if by future Services, (tho' I lay down my Life amongſt 'em) I may blot out of your Remembrance a Fault (I cannot name) I then ſhall leave the World in Peace.

Lor. In Peace then, Sir, enjoy it; for from this very Hour, whate'er is paſt with me, is gone for ever. Your Daughter is too fair a Mediatrix to be refus'd his Pardon, to whom ſhe owes the Charms ſhe pleads with for it.

From this good Day, then let all Diſcord ceaſe;
Let thoſe to come be Harmony and Peace;
Henceforth let all our diff'rent Intereſts join,
Let Fathers, Lovers, Friends, let all combine,
To make each other's Days as bleſt as ſhe will mine.

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 57 AUG